

# COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VII. St. Joseph's College, December 16, 1914. No. 7.

## Read This.

The holidays are approaching and soon students from all the colleges and universities in the country will be taking their annual joy ride. For the first time in many months they will come in contact with the outside world, and inevitably they will suffer an almost endless series of disillusionments as to the population of that outside world and the celestial character of Homeburg. They will find out what a hard task it is to keep from making asses of themselves during the first few days of their new-found existence. People will watch them with a merciless critical eye, and the first impressions which they receive will be their lasting impressions. It therefore behooves those students to mind their P's and Q's, for the matter-of-fact world is waiting for a chance to laugh at their youthful folly, and sometimes, I fear, to sneer. For their joy often leads individuals to do things for which they feel like kicking themselves afterwards, if they are made of the real stuff. The writer with shame recalls an incident which he witnessed in a railroad train: A certain student on his way home had procured liquor and, having imbibed too freely, was feeling just about fine. Remnants of an egg lunch were draped about his chin, and he wallowed about in his seat looking more like a pig than the highly cultured product of a Catholic educational plant. Unwilling to run a monopoly on his own damnable degradation and wishing to identify himself with something big, he indulged in a loud "Rah! rah! rah! St. Joe!" One of the passengers an elderly gentleman, snorting in disgust as if to repel some disagreeable odor, bitterly remarked, "College students!"

It is such incidents as this, though rare, which destroy whatever good impression a student body may make, and which bring discredit to Alma Mater and the student profession as such. St. Joe students have won the reputation of being a "fine bunch of lads,"—as admirers generally put it. Let us not give the public reason to change their

opinions of us during the holidays. A few 'don'ts' may help.—

Latin quotations are a fine thing, and it is a commendable practice to while away the hours of a long journey by their recital, but don't speak them too loud for you may make mistakes, and then too, people may think you are trying to "show off." And for heaven's sake don't try any Greek for they will surely put you down as irredeemable.

Don't get dizzy every time you see a beer sign. It is no mark of a great mind to be always talking drink.

Don't think you are breaking the hearts of all the pretty girls along the way. If you only knew it they are all married or already engaged—and in most cases they are older than they look.

And don't think that people want to know that they are honored with the presence of a college student. They are too busy to notice you, and at best you are only a human being. Don't advertise yourself.

Friends of St. Joe were sorry to hear of the sickness of two former fellow-students, Constantine Pettigrew and Leo Dufrane, both at present students of St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati. Both were afflicted with appendicitis and both underwent successful operations at the hands of skilled surgeons at the Good Samaritan Hospital of Cincinnati. The CHEER wishes them a speedy return to good health.

WE were compelled to omit several worthy articles in this issue for want of sufficient space. They will appear as soon as possible, most probably in the first issue after Christmas. So if you do not see your contribution in print this time, don't be disappointed.

Two more recent additions to our subscription list are Leon Vesque, who is at present studying pharmacy at St. Louis, and Albert G. Osterloh a former Commercial graduate. The number of our mail subscribers is gradually increasing, which proves that the old St. Joe students still think of their Alma Mater: it also proves the popularity of the CHEER.



### A Christmas Story.

Only a few more days till Christmas. Leo and George could hardly wait.

"Do you think I'll get my drum?" asked Leo. George also wanted to know if he would get a hobby horse.

"Mamma told us if we were good boys, and did all the errands without grumbling, Santa Claus might bring them."

"Yes, and I wrote it in my letter too," said Leo.

It was Christmas eve at last; everything was ready. Pa had the tree up in the corner for Santa Claus to trim. At nine o'clock little Leo and George went to bed. They both pinched their eyes tight shut so that they could go to sleep soon.

This they found hard to do, so after laying awake for about an hour, Leo said, "I'm going to peek."

"You better not," said George.

Leo crept down the stairs and started to pull apart the curtains, when suddenly cold chills ran up and down his back; Santa Claus was standing right back of him. Leo started to pray and promised that if he got out of this scrape without losing his drum he would never peek again. As Santa turned around Leo slipped upstairs and crawled under the covers.

When George asked him what was wrong, he said, "Jiggers! I saw Santa Claus."

By this time they were both sleepy, and were soon in dreamland.

The next morning as soon as Leo awoke he slapped George on the head and hollered, "Merry Christmas!" at the same time running down stairs to see what his presents were. George came right after him. When Leo laid his hands on the drum there was no sleep for the rest of the family that morning.

While talking over the escapade of the night before Leo said, "Gee! that was a narrow squeek! Supposing he would have seen me!"



The latest subscription to the CHEER comes from Victor Studer who is continuing his studies at St. Bernard Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

### Smoking Club Election.

In a recent election of the smoking club John Gerwert was chosen Pres., John Bruin Vice Pres., J. McCaffrey Secy. and Godfrey Silverstein Marshal.

### Tonsorialisms.

One of the most cosmopolitan institutions of our American cities is the barber shop. It is here that men come together and, while waiting for their turn, air their political views, tearing down and building up a nation to suit their tastes. Not to be outdone by the other cities, Collegeville also has its barber shop. How well do I remember when as a poor "new guy" it was my privilege to go into the shop and listen to the learned Seniors conversing familiarly in Greek and Latin.

One of the first things I learned about the barber shop was the use of the dog which always sat beside the chair. The purpose of this dog was to snatch up all odds and ends that were cut from the students' faces while Brother David shaved them. If the dog was so fortunate as to get a piece of ear or a nice slice of cheek, he would sit with a wise look on his face and wag his tail, a perfect picture of contentment and peace. The proprietor said that were it not for this trusty ally he would have quite a bit of trouble. However, since all circumstantial evidence passes through the strict censorship of the dog, there is no hope for the poor student to bring action; he must simply grin and bear it. From this canine is derived the famous Schneider Sham-poodle.

Some one said that Brother David keeps the barber shop. This is not true; the barber shop keeps Brother David. He himself said "I deny the allegation and I can lick the alligator."

There is only one place in the world where you can get the "left leg massage." That place is Collegeville. Ask any Junior who ever tried to "rough-house" it in the barber shop. This particular massage is most effective, and is scarcely ever wanted more than once.

A great change has come over Brother Schneider's tonsorial parlors. There is no longer need of a dog. Brother David has gained such dexterity in the use of the razor that his operations are now almost painless. The furniture is all new, and the Seniors no longer speak Greek and Latin while having their hair cut.

Bruin and Altenbach were having an argument. Joe said, "Say John, do you know you have been the Bruination of me?" When John would have made an angry retort Joe anticipated him with "Oh put on your cap or the water on your brain will freeze."



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## EDITORIALS.

THIS is the last issue of the Cheer and, like all other publishers, we call it our "Christmas number." These last few days before vacation pass very slowly, particularly to those who keep reducing the number one by one each day; but no matter how slowly they pass, by next Tuesday night they will all have disappeared and our long days of waiting will be rewarded. Most of us will spend our vacation at home. The very thought of it thrills us with pleasant anticipations. Just to experience the joy of meeting those who make so many sacrifices that we may have the advantages of a good education — father, mother, brothers and sisters — more than makes up for our being away so long. To all our readers and to the entire college family we heartily wish a most joyous and merry Christmas. We hope that on Christmas morning when you hear the words of the heavenly messenger, "Glory be to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will," your hearts will be filled to overflowing with that peace which the birth of the Holy Child brought to the shepherds.

WE also wish you all a happy New Year. May the coming year be as successful and happy for you as the past one has been. Of course we do not wish you a repetition of any misfortunes you may have undergone. We will let what is past be past and look only for better and happier things. Remember life is to a great extent what you make it. If you are going to join the army of "resolutioners" do not make the mistake which so many of them do, that is, the making of a great many resolutions and the breaking of all of them. Single out just a few of your more important failings and bend every effort to eliminate them. Much can be accomplished in this way.

Ehrman—You ought to hear me play my clarinet in the band; its great!

Bruin—Yes, I'll admit it does grate.

## Christmas.

Fell clouds, dark, drear and lone,  
A fall of blinding snow,  
The mingling sounds of bells,  
A raging storm's wild moan,  
The yuletide logs' red glow,  
The Christmas spirit tells  
Where weather takes the climate's  
place.

The flowers' fragrant bloom,  
The sky's Madonna blue,  
The birds' melodious song,  
The cheerful, open room,  
And breezes softly true,  
The Christmas spirit throng  
Where climate hides the weather's  
face.

The soul that's free from ire,  
No beasts of sin to hound,  
Finds peace in Jesus' birth  
And end of false desire, —  
The peace that angels found  
Alone of heavenly worth, —  
Where'er God gives the Christmas  
grace.

St. Joe is indeed fortunate in having at all times something to brighten up its dull moments. One Wednesday evening recently when the weather was anything but pleasant, and every one went about with a gloomy, downcast and morose countenance, J. Paul Fogarty "started something." As all were preparing for studies, suddenly a round of spontaneous applause arose. Over in the corner of the study hall a crowd had collected. In the center of this crowd, like the sun surrounded by satellites, stood the wonderful Paul. He was lecturing in his inimitable style on "How to Show Your Nationality by the Color of Your Tie." Fogarty, in order to give his doctrines an impetus, braved death in its most cruel form by wearing a large green tie with white shamrocks worked in the fabric. Though not thinking much of his scheme, his admirers were captivated by his pluck, and every time some one "plucked" at the tie they laughed and applauded him vociferously.

Futerer—Why didn't Adam and Eve have any molasses after they left the Garden of Eden?

Falk—Well, Flip, you've got me.

Futerer—They tried to raise Cain before they got Able!

History Prof.—Greece is one of the world's most wonderful products.

Wonderly—I should say so! Without it where should we get our oyster fries and pancakes?



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